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Songs and Chorusses,

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

BELPHEGOR.

M. P. Andrews



[Price Six-pence.]

Andrews
170
1

Songs, Choruses, &c.

IN THE

Songs and Choruses

OF

BELPHEGOR

COMIC OPERA

W. I. ...

NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE

IN

DRURY LANE

...

[Price Sixpence]

LONDON

Printed for T. BAKER, Adelpy, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXII

Songs, Chorusses, &c.

IN THE
COMIC OPERA

OF
B E L P H E G O R ;

OR, THE
W I S H E S.

NOW PERFORMING AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
IN
D R U R Y - L A N E.



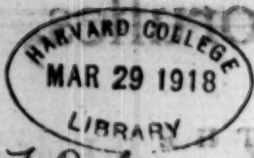
L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, Adelphi, in the Strand.

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G. F. Parkman fund

THE GOR

have been treated as
the novel, and
to be very particular
Vinos, Inc. should
are meant to be
the Americanizing at the
THE AFTER-ROYAL
Dialogue may be
his scenes are
he has been
vulgarity, in
character.

His judgment
the Public favoring
conscious that when
wishes to approve its
to condemn.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Stories on which this Piece is founded, are universally known, and have been treated of before, respectively, tho' never blended together. It is impossible to be very particular in the writing of Duos, Trios, &c. where Comic effects in Music are meant to be produced: In the Songs, the Author hopes he has been more correct. He is well aware, that some of the Dialogue may be thought too low; but as his scenes are necessarily laid in humble life, he has been obliged, tho' careful to avoid vulgarity, in some measure to conform to character.

HE submits, with timidity, his efforts for the Public favour, to the Public decision; conscious that when its kindness often wishes to approve, its impartiality obliges to condemn.

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His labours, with readiness, his efforts for the Public favour, to the Public decision; conscious that when its kindness often wishes to approve, its impartiality obliges to condemn.

Dramatis Personæ.

Songs, Choruses, &c.

M E N.

BOOZE,	Mr. VERNON.
BELPHEGOR,	Mr. BANNISTER.
WHEATEAR,	Mr. MOODY.
JUSTICE SOLEMN,	Mr. PARSONS,
C OLIN,	Mr. DAVIES.

W O M E N.

PHEBE,	Miss SIMSON.
DAME DIN, Wife to <i>Booze</i> ,	} Mrs. WRIGHTEN .

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Mr. Vernon.
Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Moody.
Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Davies.

BOOZE.
BELFHEGOR.
WHATEAR.
JUSTICE SOLEMN.
C. OLIN.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Simon.
Mrs. Wrighton.

THEBE.
DAME DIN.
// No to Beards.



Songs, Chorusses, &c.

C H O R U S.

HOW free from remorse, from vexation and strife,
Are the labours, and sports of the villagers life.

T H R A S H E R.

As we thrash,

Two women spinning.

As we spin.

Three voices.

All our time is well spent;

C H O R U S.

And we reap the rich harvest of health and content.

D U E T.

C O L I N *and* P H E B E.

No sorrows we prove,
No afflictions but love,
And those pangs of the heart
Mingle pleasure with smart.

B

S E M I.

S E M I - C H O R U S .

The song and the tale
Are our constant regale,
Aud soften the toils of the wheel and the flail.

C H O R U S , *repeated.*

How free from remorse, &c.

A I R , *by* P H E B E .

I.

What a scolding I got t' other day for the flow'r,
Which kneeling you forc'd me to choose ;
Your look was so tender I had not the pow'r,
I had not the will to refuse.

II.

Ah treacherous Colin, that rose-bud, I doubt
A thorn in my bosom has been ;
While artful you strove to adorn it without,
You pilfer'd it's peace from within.

A I R , *by* C O L I N .

I.

In truth and tenderness secure,
The pangs of absence I'll endure :
Content to quit my bosom's Queen,
While honour cheers the parting scene.
For every lonely hour shall be
Employ'd, my fair, to think on thee.

When

II.

When morn invites to early toil,
 Thy love shall make my labours smile;
 When ev'ning calls to downy rest
 That hope shall sooth my pensive breast.
 For ev'ry lonely, &c.

AIR, *by* BOOZE.

From morn to night with axe in hand,
 Here in the wood I take my stand;
 Without content,
 With sweat of brow,
 My life is spent
 In hough, hough, hough.
 (imitating the strokes of the axe.)
 But what with the bottle and the pitcher,
 The devil a *bit* do I grow the richer;
 At setting fun
 When work is done,
 Homeward I steer,
 But no comfort is there:
 A scolding wife,
 Is the plague of my life,
 Poor Booze,
 Who wou'd choose
 To be tied up like thee in such a noose.

AIR, *by* BELPHEGOR.

From this moment you will be
 Master of your destiny;
 Whatsoe'er to please is wanted;
 Wish——your wishes shall be granted.

If for riches you pine,
If you thirst after pow'r,
Each gift will be thine
In the space of an hour.
Then make the best use of the boon I bestow,
Nor the favours of fortune by folly o'erthrow.

AIR, *by* DAME DIN.

I

Each day all the work of the house I must do;
I sew, and I knit, and I spin;
I scrub, and I rub, and I bake, and I brew;
The labour's all left for Dame Din.

II.

And while ev'ry comfort we cannot afford,
On my children's account, I refuse,
My husband as great and as drunk as a lord,
Thinks the pleasure is all for Sir Booze.

III.

But you rascal, you villain, you hang-dog, you sot,
No longer this plan I'll pursue;
For since family duties are daily forgot,
Dame Din will have her pleasures too.

AIR, *by* B O O Z E.

In grave debate,
They only prate,
Who simple are and young;
The learn'd and wise,
When they advise.
Look big—but hold their tongue.

Thus

Thus female wit,
Is seldom fit,
As sages oft have sung;
Therefore in life,
The prudent wife
Should always hold her tongue.

D U E T.

D A M E D I N.

Adieu to the village,
To toil and to tillage——
Squire Booze and his lady——

W H E A T E A R, (*speaking.*)
Why what's all this? Heydey!

D A M E D I N.

With ruffles and rings,
And a thousand fine things,
As great as a queen,
Madam Din will be seen;
With a train at my tail——

W H E A T E A R.

Lord what can she ail.

D A M E D I N.

In a coach I'll be drawn,
There I'll loll, and I'll yawn;
It's grand to be lazy:

W H E A T E A R.

She's certainly crazy.

D A M E

DAME DIN.

Then I and my daughter,—
(I'm bursting with laughter)
Will live like the ladies in town,
Our friends and relations unknown.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

WHEATEAR.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

DAME DIN.

O what delight,
To be mix'd every night,
With lords and fine folks,
To dance and cut jokes.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—my lord I'm your servant,

WHEATEAR.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—my lady your servant.

AIR, *by* WHEATEAR.

Was such folly ever seen;
What can these vagaries mean;
Press'd and courted yesterday,
Laugh'd at and refus'd to-day;
But in vain we think to find,
Reason in a woman's mind.

Sooner I'll forget to plough,
Sooner fire my barley mow,
Sooner fancy to procure,
Plenteous crops without manure,
Than again expect to find
Reason, in a woman's mind.

AB

All the Creditors of BOOZE.

MILLER.

For five sacks of barley, two bushels of rye;
In all seven pounds——

DAME DIN.

Is't right cast up?

MILLER.

Try——

All the CREDITORS.

I'll be paid, so will I, so will I, so will I,

CONSTABLE.

Hey, neighbours, what the devil is the matter?

All the CREDITORS.

My bill! my bill! my bill!

CONSTABLE.

Zounds, what a clatter!

Tis the husband you should seek.

CREDITORS.

He's so drunk he cannot speak.

CONSTABLE.

Or sober, or drunk, to secure him I'll try.

CREDITORS, *following him out.*

I'll be paid—so will I—so will I—so will I.

DAME

DAME DIN.

What care I—what care I—what care I;

DUET, *by* COLIN *and* PHEBE.

Ah! hapless Colin quit thy hold,
For duty bids my heart be cold.

C O L I N.

Sure Phebe's heart that love may prize;
Which duty's self shall authorize.

B O T H.

'Alas! how luckless is our doom:
Retire, retire—again they come.

CREDITORS.

To stay we've no leisure.

BOOZE, (*in liquor.*)

I tell you a tr—tr—tr—treasure.

DAME DIN.

Three treasures.

BOOZE.

Ay, three.

CONSTABLE.

They're both certainly mad.

CREDITORS.

Your goods we will seize,

BOOZE.

You may if you please.

CREDITORS.

CREDITORS:

Your tools, your apparel.

DAME DIN.

If you do, we shan't quarrel.

CREDITORS *and* CHORUS.

With every thing else that there is to be had.

WOMAN.

Is't for this so long I've tarried,
Drunkard, liar——

BOOZE.

Don't bear malice.

CREDITORS.

To a jail you shall be carried.

DAME DIN.

You mistake, 'tis to a palace.

CREDITORS:

Ev'ry day we'll hither come,
Ev'ry day disturb your home;
Break your peace, and wound your pride,
'Till ev'ry wish is gratify'd.

COLIN, *in* CHORUS.

Ev'ry day I'll hither come,
Ev'ry day disturb your home,
'Till Phebe yield a willing bride,
And ev'ry wish is gratify'd,

C

PHIBE,

PHEBE, *in* CHORUS:

Ev'ry day will Colin come,
Ev'ry day disturb my home,
Phebe still her love must hide,
'Till ev'ry wish is gratify'd.

CONSTABLE, *in* CHORUS:

Ev'ry day they'll hither come,
Ev'ry day disturb your home,
Break your peace, and wound your pride,
'Till ev'ry wish is gratify'd.

DAME DIN, *in* CHORUS:

Ev'ry day you'll hither come,
Ev'ry day disturb our home,
Break our peace, and wound our pride,
'Till ev'ry wish is gratify'd.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

A I R, by P H E B E.

AS yet in the morn of my youth;
A parent's advice I revere;
But, oh! while you cherish my truth,
Think my happiness equally dear.

II.

My passion's not founded on whim,
Young Colin first taught it to glow!
And the breast which hath kindled for him,
No warmth for another can know.

III.

Sincere and respectful to you,
To Colin as constant I'll prove;
For the heart that to duty is true,
Will always be faithful to love.

[N. B. The second Verse is omitted in the representation.]

A I R,

AIR, *by* DAME DIN.

Nought so certain, we know,
 As a word and a blow,
 To regulate matters domestic;
 To manage the house,
 To qualify spouse,
 They conquer who brandish the best stick:

She that's quiet and cool,
 Poor good-natur'd fool,
 What mortal will find out her merit;
 In each station of life,
 For maid, widow, or wife,
 There's nought like a woman of spirit.

AIR, *by* WHEATEAR.

Then away to papa,
 Where we'll scold our mamma,
 And a wedding 'twill be without pelf;
 We'll have a sack-posset,
 That nothing may cross it,
 And I'll throw the stocking myself.

Fal, lal, de ral, lal, &c.

AIR, *by* BOOZE.

They court, they caress me,
 They cringe, they address me,
 Good morrow, friend, good morrow;
 I hope your hearty, why so dull?
 Can I assist, my purse is full;
 Perchance you want to borrow.

Though

Though virtue, when starving,
Is scarce worth preserving,
When once the pocket's heavy ;
Tho' stain'd with guilt, and sunk in vice,
But ope the door, and in a trice,
You'll have a crouded levee.

* AIR, *by* WHEATEAR.

Chear up, my friend, your cares defy,
Your comforts now are budding :
What husband would not gladly buy
His quiet, for a pudding ?

Tho' winter checks the rising crop,
The spring we know is warmer ;
For brighter hours we live and hope,
So says the Country Farmer.

What matters now, since Madam's dumb,
If hence she wear the breeches ?

From wife that's mute, no Ill can come,
Then bear your loss of riches.

No sorrow let your looks betray ;
In mirth the surest trust is,

Swallow your griefs, and nothing say,
So thinks the Country Justice.

AIR, *by* Belphegor.

Wisely hath fate to man denied
That all his wants should be supplied :
Could he his every wish enjoy,
Fruition would the end destroy.

* *This Air is omitted in the representation.*

Of

II.

Of wealth, of state, of pow'r possess;
 Disgust would seize the sated breast;
 The mind a scene of tumult made.
 Would sicken at the sad parade.

III.

Then learn to prize your humble lot,
 Improve the little you have got;
 And when content appears in view,
 You'll own the devil told you true.

RONDEAU and Chorus.

Free from the cares that daily wait
 To rend the bosoms of the great;
 Our riches and our joys shall be
 Deriv'd from health and industry.

D A M E D I N.

No more for fancied bliss we'll roam,
 We'll sigh for state no more;
 And when we seek our humble home,
 Content shall ope the door.

B O O Z E.

Thus happy in the rustic cot,
 Our labours we'll pursue;
 Repine at no one's brighter lot,
 But keep this plan in view.

Free from the cares, &c.

COLIN.

C O L I N.

Our swains no warlike weapons wield,
 No dire contentions know;
 With peaceful arms we grace the field,
 The sickle, and the plough.

B O O Z E.

And while we live the life we love,
 Amid the rural throng,
 Our sports shall our contentment prove,
 And this shall be the song.

Free from the cares, &c.

Upon the DEATH of Mr. BARRY.

TELL me, Melpomene divine,
 With what Affliction droops thy Head?

"No Sorrow sure can equal mine;

"My only, darling Son is dead!

"None e'er like him could melt the Heart,

"(Well may a childless Mother rave!)"

"My Dagger, Bowl, and tragic Art,
 With Barry sinks into the Grave!"

G. D.

*To the Memory of that excellent Tragedian,
 Mr. SPRANGER BARRY.*

LET sad Melpomene bestow the Tear,
 And wring her Hands o'er tuneful Bar-
 ry's Bier:

Mourn all ye Muses o'er the Actor's Hearse;
 That Tongue is mute—which sung your
 sweetest Verse:

Now bring your Myrtles, and your Laurel's
 Green,

And close with Honour, this last tragick Scene!
 Good were his *Entrances*—his *Exit* fair,
 Such as became at once the Man—the Play'r.
 Drop the slow Curtain o'er a Life approv'd,
 He fell regretted—and he liv'd below'd.

E. T.

S I R,

I WAS last Night in Company with a Gentleman, who had been to see Mrs. Barry in the Character of *Ethelswida*. He spoke with such an Impression of that inimitable Actress's Appearance and Powers in that new Character, that the Company, knowing his Talent for a ready poetical Sketch, requested him to pay her a Compliment in Verse. He took the Pen, and wrote the following Verses. I think the Style and Turn of them so superior to the common versified Compliments payed to those who figure on the Stage, that I send them for your Publication. The Author must have too much Esteem for Mrs. Barry to be offended at the Liberty I take.

Jan. 24.

AMICUS.

To Mrs. BARRY, on her last Appearance in the Character of *ETHELSWIDA*.

FAINT all the Praise the Muses can bestow,
On her whose Empire spreads o'er Love and
Woe!

Who e'er beheld the Grace of Barry move,
And still repress'd the wishing Sigh of Love?
Ah! hear her speak! each softer Sigh's re-
press'd,

And all that's Passion agitates the Breast.
Then, while our Bosoms feel her Influence
most,

And Reason seems amidst the Tumult lost;
The mighty Actress touches Nature's Key,
And melts, amidst our Tears, our Souls away.

Thus have I seen *Aurora's* Form in May,
Rise beauteous from the East, to Noon-tide
Day;

Charm'd by the Goddess we her Steps admire,
Till charm'd we glow, and sink beneath her
Fire:

Then, quick relieved, we see the falling
Shower,
We look to Heav'n, and bless the genial
Power.

A Correspondent who went on Monday Night to Covent Garden Theatre, to see the Tragedy of Douglas, says it is impossible to describe the Tumult of Applause with which the Audience received that excellent Actress Mrs. Barry, who came on before the Play, and delivered a very pathetic Address, on her late irreparable Loss, and her present affecting Situation. — In delivering the Address, she felt, and made the Audience feel, "she was no Actress there;" — real Grief for some Time prevented her Utterance, till a pearly Shower of unfeigned Tears came to her Relief: She afterwards performed the Character of Lady Randolph, in a Style so moving, and so truly pathetic, that there was scarcely a dry Eye in the whole Assembly: The Part of Lady Randolph seemed to be judiciously chosen on the above Occasion, as it in some Degree accorded with her Situation; and as it was a Part in which she first distinguished herself.

The following ADDRESS to the PUBLIC was spoken by Mrs. BARRY the first Time she appeared upon the Stage after the Death of her Husband, and before the Tragedy of DOUGLAS.

WITH ev'ry Hope a Vessel fails away,
Soft swells the Breeze, and cloudless
breaks the Day:
Till rising Winds the raging Deep deform,
And the Bark shatter'd sinks beneath the
Storm!
Such is my Fate;—fair Gales my Canvass
spread,
Till the charg'd Tempest burst upon my Head;
Of the lov'd Pilot of my Life bereft,
Save your Protection, nor a Hope is left:
Without that Peace your Kindness can impart,
Nothing can calm this Sorrow-beaten Heart.

When Bounty on the feeling Mind first
flow'd,
Then sprung the Bosom's fairest Flower, and
blow'd;
Angels with Rapture the blest Produce view'd,
For from Benevolence rose Gratitude!

Urg'd by my Duty, I have ventur'd here,—
But how for Douglas can I shed a Tear?
When real Griets the burden'd Bosom press,
Can it raise Sighs feign'd Sorrows to express?
In vain will Art from Nature Help implore,
When Nature for herself exhausts her Store:

The Tree cut down to which she clung and
grew,
Behold the prople's Woodbine bends to you;
Your fostering Pow'r will spread Protection
round,
And though she droops, may raise her from
the Ground!

above all modern Actresses in representing the gentler Passions and finer Feelings; those which come home to every Bosom, and strongly interest each benevolent Mind. The other Performers did great Justice to their respective Characters, and particularly Mr. Lewis, who personated young Douglas, in a Manner that did him infinite Credit:—Our Correspondent adds, that the Tragedy of Douglas will always be a favourite Play, as long as there are any Lovers of Nature or true Taste. It is simple, natural, interesting, and pathetic; it breathes the Soul of Poetry, and evidently appears to be the Language of the Heart. The great Success of Douglas and Sir Thomas Overbury, ought to be a Lesson to modern Dramatic Bards, to choose a Story of Domestic Woe, preferably to foreign uninteresting Fables, tho' richly decorated with Pageantry and Shew; and worked up with all the Art of Metastasio and Voltaire.

March 5. 1777.

ACCOUNT of the New Musical Piece,
called The SERAGLIO, performed last
Night at Covent Garden Theatre, for the
first Time.

THE Fable of this little Drama, however
short and simple, is founded on such
Circumstances as cannot be but pleasing to an
humane Mind; and the Events are so well
connected, and as fully explained as a neces-
sary Attention to the Music could possibly
permit. The Characters, which are all En-
glish, except the Bashaw and his Attendants,
are as follow:

Abdallah, a Turkish Bashaw,	Mr. Mattocks.
Frederick,	Mr. Leoni.
Reef	Mr. Reinhold.
Goodwill, a Fisherman,	Mr. Dunstall.
Venture,	Mr. Quick.
Williams,	Mr. Thompson.
Hassan,	Mr. Baker.
Lydia,	Miss Brown.
Polly,	Miss Dayes.
Curtis,	Mrs. Green.
Elmira,	A Young Lady.

The Piece opens with a pleasing View of
Goodwill's Cottage, by the Sea Side, near the
Seraglio; the Family and Fishermen are em-
ployed in their respective Duties. Polly is a-
mong them, who has left England in Search
of her Father, who is a Slave to the Bashaw,
and whom she means to try to redeem by of-
fering herself to Captivity in his Stead. Fre-
derick then appears, (with the Ship's Crew)
who having had the Lady to whom he was be-
trothed, torn from him by Violence, and
alike condemned to Slavery, comes determined
to rescue her, or lose his Life in the Attempt.
He dismisses all the Crew except Venture,
who is to accompany him in his Enterprize.—
Among the Sailors, Polly unexpectedly finds
Reef, (to whom her Father had engaged to
marry her) who with Resolution natural to a
British Tar, resolves to venture into the Se-
raglio, and redeem Polly's Father, even at the
Expence of his own Liberty; Frederick makes
the same Resolution to get Sight of his Lydia.
They obtain a Means of doing this by a pri-
vate Key, which Goodwill (who supplies the
Seraglio with Fish) has in his Possession.

Abdallah then appears in his Pavillion, sur-
rounded by his Captives and Attendants. He
is described of a free and noble Disposition;
but stricken with his new Captive, Lydia,
solicits her to return his Love, and possess that
Place in his Heart, which was once filled by
Elmira. Lydia, through Compassion for El-
mira's Sufferings, rejects his Offers with Dis-
dain, and meditates her own Escape with her

beloved Frederick. The latter endeavouring
to accomplish this Design by Night, is made
a Prisoner with his Attendant, Venture. Reef
having discovered these Events, escapes from
his Captivity, and animates his Companions
to join him in an Attempt to redeem them by
open Violence.